

DO THE RESPONSIBILITY OF MAN.—Oh, my friends! how all other things, shrive before this immense immensity responsibility that is in every man how all outward things grow dim! how mad, how broad and velvet become like rags, and earnest become as tinsel, before the possession of this immortal nature, which God says, Occupy, exercise watch over and take care of until I come. Ah! that which you carry with you, after all, is that thing which you are to consider, and not that which little deems behind you; it makes comparatively little difference what may be its rank or position. When we come to look upon our hands, which are spread across the breast, and with our eyes closed in silence, what matters it, whether we are clothed with the robes of a king or the rags of a beggar? Silently and invisibly down the dark and mysterious has drifted a soul that has carried with it, that is really worthy, all that is true, all that is in any object is all that we do, or in all that we are seeking for in life.—*CLARA.*